

Mr. SEWELL'S
OBSERVATIONS
UPON

CATO,
A
TRAGEDY.
By Mr. ADDISON.

In a Letter to * * *

*— Cuncta Terrarum Subacta,
Prætoris Animum CATONIS. Hor.*

To which is added,

A Comparifon between CATO and CÆSAR;
By Mr. STEELE.

The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:
Printed for E. CURLL, and Sold by J. ROBERTS in Warwick-Lane.
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George Nichols fund

QUESTIONS
CATO
TRAGEDY.
By Mr. ADDISON.

In a letter to ***

General Tatham's letter
to the Hon. Secretary of the Admiralty

To which is added

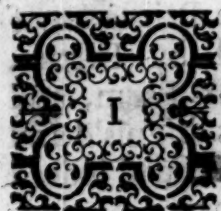
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LONDON:
Printed for E. Curll, and Sold by J. Roberts in Pall Mall.
MDCCLXXII. 1772

SIR,

London, April 25, 1713.



Here send you the Tragedy of *CATO*, which had rais'd the Expectation of the Town to a great Height, and now has justly satisfy'd it, to the Play I will leave you for Conviction; but since you desir'd some Observations from me, which you were pleas'd to think would make the Reading more agreeable and useful to you, I shall give you some with the same Freedom you requested them.

In the first place I shall present to you a general Idea of the main Character of *CATO*, that you may the better observe with what Justness and Propriety his Character with all his Sentiments is preserv'd to the last.

The next Head that I propose is, to point out to you how justly all the other Characters are distinguish'd from each other, and made subservient to the Conduct of the whole.

And for a Conclusion, I will endeavour to hint at some extraordinary Beauties, and show how exactly they are conformable, not only to the true Spirit of Poetry, but the best Rules of Criticism.

In order to form a general Idea of *CATO*, you must have a View of the Scene of Affairs in which he acted, an Age full of Vice and Corruption, debauch'd from their old ge-

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nerous *Roman Principles*, abounding with Plots and Conspiracies against the present Model of their Government, divided into Parties, headed by violent and ambitious Spirits, and carried on with all the Arts of Design, Hypocrisy, and Dissimulation; and in short, such an Age wherein as CICE-RO describes it, it was as dangerous for a good Man to hazard himself in Business, and act in publick Offices, as it was disgraceful and mean to retire from them. In this Age the great CATO appear'd, acting meerly upon the Principles of Honour and Justice, neither aw'd nor seduc'd by Parties, with the truest Notions of the ancient Republic Form, and a hearty Zeal for it, publicly opposing both its disguis'd and open Enemies. When the *Civil War* broke out he sided indeed with POMPEY, as most of the Senators and Lovers of their Country did, not thinking him so dangerous an Enemy as CÆSAR; and CATO particularly hoping by the Influence he had over him to bring him to resettle the State upon its old Bottom, if he happen'd to prove the Conqueror. Upon these Motives he engag'd in the *Civil War*, the Event of which you very well know, so that I shall pass that over, and come to the *Scene* of the Play, when he and the Remnant of his Followers were inclos'd by CÆSAR in *Utica*.

But I know you will not forgive me, unless I touch upon CATO's Character, as drawn by Poets as well as Historians; and therefore I shall give you both his publick and private one out of LUCAN, who in this Description had as strict a Regard to Truth as any Historian. His private Life, the Simplicity of his Manners, and Habit, His Notions of Philosophy, and his Manner of Behaviour, are excellently painted in the second Book which I shall venture to translate.

——— *Hi mores, hac duri immota Catonis*

Secta fuit. ———

These CATO's Morals were, and this the kind,
Of His rough *Sect*, and His severer Mind,
A due proportion'd Medium to attend,
And think while living to respect his End;
To follow Nature, and observe her Laws,
To pour His Life out in his Country's Cause;
From mean Idea's to enlarge His Mind,
Nor think his Actions to Himself confin'd,
Nor CATO born for One, but *All Mankind*.
He eat for Hunger, not to please the Sense,
A happy *Epiqueure* in Abstinence,
His House to keep out Cold alone did seem,
Convenience was *Magnificence* to Him;
Upon his Back a Hairy Gown he bore,
Such as His *Sabine* great Forefathers wore;
Such as the Face of Antique Garbs express,
This was his *Pomp* and *Gaiety* of Dress;

He

He fought the Pleasure of a chaste Embrace,
 For One great End, to propagate his Race:
 Severely honest, just without Allay,
 Studious the Common Good alone to weigh.
 At once discreet, and fond in ev'ry view,
 His Country's *Husband*, and Her *Father* too.

His Zeal and Heartiness for the State, and the Anxiety
 of his Spirit for the Calamities that were likely to befall it,
 His generous Concern for his Fellow Sufferers, and his Neg-
 lect of himself, are farther display'd, when BRUTUS is de-
 scrib'd coming to him in the Dead of Night, to ask his
 Opinion of the Condition of Affairs, in order to follow his
 Resolution.

Him BRUTUS found with wakeful Care oppress'd,
 The Public Good revolving in his Breast:
 Big with the Fate and Destiny of *Rome*,
 Her Children's Fortune, and His Country's Doom
 Fearful what each might Act, and each Endure,
 But unconcern'd, and for *Himself* secure.

And since I have gone thus far in shewing his Character,
 as drawn by this Poet, I will attempt to translate that Part
 of

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of his Speech to BRUTUS, wherein He offers himself a voluntary Sacrifice for his Country, only wishing that it may in some Manner represent the Beauties of the excellent Original.

O ! would the *Gods* above, and Those below,

In Mercy harken to their CATO's Vow,

And on This willingly devoted Head

All their collected Stores of Vengeance shed !

For *Rome* of old her *Decii* could fall,

In one Illustrious Ruin saving all :

That thus I might this single Life expose,

To stop her Plagues, and expiate her Woes !

O ! against Me may both their Hosts engage ;

Set up the happy Mark of Public Rage :

Hither fly every Dart, launch ev'ry Spear,

And ev'ry vile *Barbarian* Arm strike *Here*.

I would sustain each Individual's Share ;

Be pierc'd, be gor'd, by ev'ry Murd'rer there, }

And all their Wounds in *bleeding Transport* bear. }

Could but this Blood, for her Preservation spilt,

Redeem the Nation, and atone her Guilt :

Could

Could this one Sacrifice prevent Her Doom,

And quit the Score between her Gods and Rome.

And now, Sir, you will easily perceive how agreeable to this the Character of CATO is sustained through the whole Play; how exactly he Acts and Talks as CATO should; the dear Impression and Image of his Country always rising up in his Thoughts, and being express in such a Manner as is answerable to the Idea of that Great Man. How easy the Private Concerns of Life sit upon him! and how full he is of Rome! In the *Second Act*, you find him besieged and encompassed by CÆSAR at *Utica*, in Conference with a few Senators who had stuck to the Cause of *Liberty*, in this utmost Exigence, not dropping a Word unbecoming his *Roman Spirit*, regulating their Debates, and returning an Answer to CÆSAR with an Air superiour to his Fortune. And tho' in this Debate CATO utters many *Sentences* which would not be graceful for another to speak, yet according to *QUINTILIAN'S Rule*, they are very proper and just in him; for, says the Orator, *Sentences are most properly put in the Mouth of Men of Authority, that the Person may give a Confirmation to the Weight and Importance of the Subject*. Consider, Sir, then what an Idea they must needs have of CATO before, and you will plainly perceive what an Influence his Resolution, deliver'd in that solemn Manner, must naturally have over them.

A second Instance of the Greatness and Intrepidity of his Soul, you will observe in the *Third Act*, where he ventures himself unarmed amidst a Band of Conspirators, who, by the single Awe of his Virtue, are so abash'd, that they dar'd not to execute their Purpose when it was most in their Power, which puts me in mind of a Passage in *VIRGIL* that seems

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feels to be on One ear—Allusion to this Action. The Poet is there describing the sudden Fall of the Waves, and the Ceasing of the Winds, at the Appearance of NEPTUNE, and makes a Similitude drawn from a popular Tumult compos'd at once by the Sight and Words of a grave and good Man: take it in Mr. DRYDEN's Translation.

As when in Tumults rise th'ignoble Crowd,

Mad are their Motions, and their Tongues are loud,

And Stones and Brands in rattling Volleys fly,

And all the rustic Arms that Fury can supply:

If then some Grave and Pious Man appear,

They hush their Noise, and lend a list'ning Ear;

He sooths with sober Words their angry Mood,

And quenches their innate Desire of Blood.

By this it appears that there is nothing unnatural attributed to the Power and Influence of CATO's Virtue in this Instance. After he has delivered the Mutineers up to Justice, he wisely takes an Opportunity from thence to recommend their Darling Liberty to his Friends, and goes off as calm and sedate as if no such thing had happened.

In the *Fourth* ACT you will see a greater Trial of his Constancy, where when the Relation of his Son MARCUS's Death is brought to Him by his Brother PORTIUS, before the Narration is finished, he thinks not of the Loss of his Son, but only of his Behaviour; and when he finds That
B Glorious,

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Glorious, cries out—*I am satisfied!*—One of the Noblest Instances of Roman Fortitude and Patience, and not unlike that in CORNEILLE's Tragedy of HORACE; which because perhaps you have not read, I will give you the Passage as I find it quoted by Monsieur BOILEAU in his Preface to LONGINUS. *A Woman who had been present at the Combat of the Three Horatii with the Three Curiatii, but went away from the Place too soon, and had not seen the End of it, came over hastily to old HORACE, their Father, and told him, Two of his Sons were killed, and that the Third, finding he was not able to make any Resistance, fled away; upon which, the old Roman, full of Love to his Country, without Mourning for the Loss of his Two Sons, who had died so Gloriously, grieves only for the shameful Flight of the last, who, says he, by so base an Action has fix'd an eternal Stain on the Name of HORACE: And their Sister, who was present, saying to him, What would you have had him done against Three? he replies briskly, —DIE.*

But now look at this Great Man under another View; his Friendship, Generous Concern, and Tenderness for the Numidian Prince JUBA, whose Father, by following the Fortunes of an unsuccessful Cause, had ruin'd Himself, and involv'd his Son in the same Condition. CATO, in return, to make Amends for his Misfortunes, is in one Place seasoning his Soul with Virtuous Principles, and forming him to true Greatness; in another, compassionating his Loss, both of his Father and Empire, with the greatest Tenderness; and at last, with a sort of Prophecy, raising his Hopes on future Prospects of a Dignity that would be the Reward of his Virtues, not of his Birth.

After this, we come to view him under the Light of his Philosophy, which he makes use of to form his Resolutions upon, how best to disengage himself, from the World and CÆSAR. PLATO's Book on the Immortality of the Soul lying before

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before him, and his Sword, the designed Instrument of his Relief, He settles his Resolution for Death, and argues from the Philosopher, upon the Certainty of a *Future State*. I should wrong the Strength and Beauty of the Argument, by putting it in any Words different from those of the Poet, therefore I will leave it wholly to your Reading and Admiration. Observe only the great Variety in that excellent SPEECH; his Resolution, his Comfort from the Helps of Philosophy, the Prospect of Eternity, the Uncertainty of the *Where*, and *When*. Observe how his Soul seems to stumble, and be shockt at that; and upon a View of the *Book* and *Sword*, resumes its Resolution, and shaking off the Natural Abhorrence of Death, takes a noble Flight into *Immortality*. Again, how the Infirmities of Nature begin to overcome him, and make him defer the Execution to a fitter Time. TULLY, upon this Book of PLATO's, has an excellent Passage, which seems to warrant the Uncertainty of CATO's Conduct in this Place; as well as I can remember, it is to this Purpose; "While I am reading (*says he*) PLATO's "Book, I am allur'd and charm'd into a Conviction of the "Immortality of the Soul, and its Existence in a *Future State*;" "but as soon as I have laid down the Book I relapse into "Uncertainty, and all my former Conviction slides away "from me.

But to return to the Play: CATO, after a sound Sleep, (the Blessing of a good and composed Mind) executes his Purpose, and is brought in Wounded before his Son, Daughter and Friends; and even in the Agonies of Death shews a kind Concern for them All, and makes them as happy as they could be without him; and then with an Abhorrence of the World, and a seeming Distrust of his Conduct, expires in a Prayer to the Gods.

And now, Sir, you have seen CATO under all these Views, excellently diversified; that the Poet might shew every Part of his Character in the fairest and truest Light; I cannot question but that as you will be much affected with the Sentiments of the Hero, so you will be exceedingly pleased with the Judgment of the Poet.

The next Thing that I promis'd you was the Distinction of the remaining Characters from each other, this being a particular Happiness in the present Performanc, and having been so little observ'd by others, insomuch that in many of our Famous Plays, they are so confounded, that if we were to shut our Eyes, it were hardly possible to tell by the Manner the Poets make their Persons speak, whom the Character suited; and the Speech might very often do as well for one or two other Persons as him who speaks it.

To begin with the Two Sons of CATO, PORTIUS and MARCUS, whose Complexion, Manners and Tempers, are nicely distinguish'd; and this Difference of Souls runs visibly through the whole Play into a friendly Disparity of Sentiments, the one sedate and calm, the other warm and passionate: They both act upon the same Principles of Honour and Virtue, and the Example of their Father: The Elder considers him as a Lover of Liberty, and his Country; the Younger meerly in Opposition to CÆSAR: The One copies his Morality and Philosophy, the Other shews his Zeal for Rome. They are both in Love with the same Lady; the Man of sanguine Temper is free and open, discovers his Love with Fire and Vehemence; the Other Rivals him in all but his Rage; and knowing himself Master of the Prize, endeavours to divert him by Shows of other Objects, and always compassionates him.

The next part that comes under View is the Character of JUBA, which is entirely new. We must suppose this young Prince had observed many Instances of CATO's Virtue in his Father's Court, and fired with Admiration of Human Nature, carried to a Pitch which he never saw before, to have endeavoured to form himself to something like it, from the great Original which was before his Eyes. Nor must you think this strange in a Barbarous *Numidian*, since the Seeds of Genius and Nature are the same in all Persons and Places; and want only proper Objects, and good Direction, to cultivate and exalt them into virtuous Principles, and the Arts of civiliz'd Life. Thus the same Spirit that exercis'd its Courage against Beasts by an easie Turn, is made to exert the same against Tyranny; and he who from a natural Ingenuity could despise the Fraud of an *African*, might soon grow an Admirer of *Roman* Truth and Fidelity. And there is one particular Assistance to This which may be well supposed to produce more Wonders than appear in his Character, and that is his Love to CATO's Daughter. His Confusion at the Discovery of his Love to MARCIA; His Submission to the Authority of CATO; His Discourse with SYPHAX on the Preference of the Arts of the Mind to those of the Body; and in short, every Incident of his Character is admirable.

Nor is there a less Difference in the Vicious than the Virtuous Parts introduc'd: SEMPRONIUS and SYPHAX are both Villains, Traytors and Hypocrites: SEMPRONIUS under the Disguise of a pretended Zeal for his Country, covers his Design of going over to CÆSAR, and enjoying MARCIA. SYPHAX, by a dissembled Affection to his Prince, endeavours first to corrupt him, afterwards to leave him: The Villany of the one is rash and impetuous, hid in a Torrent of Words; that of the other close and cautious; in short, the *Roman* and

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and the *African* differ as much in their Treachery as their Complexion.

Again, *Lucius*, the Opposite to *SEMPRONIUS*, tho' a Friend to *CATO*, yet is so much affected by the Desperateness of his Circumstances, that he always advises Peace and Reconciliation; a calm, merciful Disposition, full of Tendernefs for Sufferers of all Sorts, is his Part: It is not so much out of Weakness, as from the Review of the Calamities that afflicted his Country, that he inclines to the gentler Method, in which he is still over-ruled by his Friendship to *CATO*; and so continues with him to the last.

The two Women inherit the different Spirits of their *Fathers*. The Daughter of *CATO* concerned deeply for her Father, and the Cause of Virtue, checks an untimely Passion, with the Reflection of the Relation she bears to the dear Head of that Cause, and by a great Artifice of the Poet, upon the Supposition of the Death of her Lover, discovers her Value for him: This Incident is natural as well as necessary, so that it takes away all Indecency unfit for the Daughter of *CATO* to fall into. On the other side, *LUCIA*, of a soft and compassionate Temper, cannot disguise her Thoughts, but after she has revealed them, fearful of the Consequences, resolves to wait the Event of things before she makes her Lover happy: Here is the Timidity and the Pity of her Father; and at the same time her Kindness to *MARCIA* engages Her as far as his Friendship to *CATO* did Him.

Now, Sir, I have run through the Parts of the whole *Drama*, and I desire you to observe how justly the Plot is work'd up from these Characters; and how, in the *Catastrophe*, which is of a mixed Nature, unfortunate Goodness is left upon Conjecture and to the Gods, and the other virtuous Characters all rewarded.

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I should now proceed to the Observations I promis'd you upon the Third Head, but PHARSALIA being so often mentioned through the Play, to raise a just *Idea* of that Victory, I can't omit translating * LUCAN's Description of the Field of Battle after CÆSAR was Conqueror,

Then dire PHARSALIA's Plain all breathing Blood,
Call'd forth the Wolves, and Tygers, from the
Wood,

And gorg'd the Lyons with her horrid Food.
Each left his common Prey his Fellow Beast,
To riot on a more Luxurious Feast;

The Bears forsook their Caves for this Repast,
And Dogs obscene ran Howling o'er the Wast;
All Animals that scent the Tainted Air,
Of Smell sagacious, came exulting there.

The Birds that wont at Battles to appear,
Move with the Camp, and hover in the Rear,

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Came numberless, the Kinds that us'd of old

To change for milder Nile the Thracian Gold;

Forgot the Season in the Prey's Delight,

And wing'd their Western Way with later Flight.

Never such Flocks of *Vulturs* heretofore

Obscur'd the Sky, and feather'd all Heav'n o'er,

Nor such uncommon Weight the loaded ÆTHER

bore.

Each desolated Wood sent forth her Kind,

The Wood now lab'ring *only* with the Wind;

All Places round the mighty Numbers fill'd,

And Roman Blood from ev'ry Tree distill'd.

Oft on the impious Standards which they bore,

Trickl'd in frequent Drops the Putrid Gore;

Oft as the *Vultur* wearied out with Toil,

Her Talon's weaken'd and o'er-charg'd with Spoil,

Shook her wet Pinions in the Airy Space,

The scatter'd Blood his *Triumph* to Disgrace,

Fell from on high, and stain'd the *Victor's* Face.

Nor

Nor yet could all the Number of the Slain,

This Sepulcher, this living Grave obtain,

And by the Beasts converted into Food,

Or harden into Bone, or flow in Blood;

The Beasts themselves their inner Bowels spare,

Nor think the vital Marrow worth their Care;

Nicely the Limbs they Taste, reject, and chuse,

And more than half the *Roman* Host refuse.

Whatever Coarces in the Field they find,

Touch'd by the Sun, or tainted by the Wind

They careless pass, and leave disdainfully behind.

Now, Sir, it is time that I make good my Intentions of pointing out some of the most remarkable Beauties in this PLAY, but indeed they are so numerous, that I must refer most of 'em to your own Judgment; however I hope you will be satisfied with a few.

The Passions which the Character of CATO is most apt to raise, are *Indignation*, *Admiration*, and I can't tell if I mayn't add *Pity*; *Indignation* to see so much Virtue under such a Cloud of Affliction, the greatest Patriot of his Country born down by successful Tyranny, and reduc'd to the Extremity either of a Submission to an ill-got Power, or freeing himself from it by his own Hands. *Admiration* in observing him even in the midst of all these Calamities, Great

Good, and Intrepid. *Pity* for his ill Success in the Public Cause, and his Domestic Misfortunes, which are apt so much the more to move others, as they affected him less. If I say in all these the Poet has done him justice, it is the least that can be said. A dangerous and difficult Task it is to manage so great a Subject, so as to make the Audience interested in ev'ry Speech and Action. For as * HORACE says,

That Poet ventures on a bold Design,
Walks on a Ridge, and dances on a Line;
Who at his Will with all my Passions plays,
By Turns excites 'em, and by Turns allays,
Whomakes my Soul with borrow'd Anguish groan,
Fills me with Foreign Fears, and Sorrows not my
own.—

QUINTILIAN observes that he had often seen *Actors* after they had been personating some more deep and solemn Character than ordinary, go off of the Stage with Tears, and thinks it no Shame to confess that he himself has not only melted into Tears, but trembled, look'd pale, been flush'd with Anger, at Representations adapted to produce those different Effects. What the *Actors* may do I can't tell, but I am sure I should have a mean Opinion of the Humanity of the Audience, if they were not mov'd by Instances of the like Nature in this PLAY. I pretend not to direct you where to be mov'd, but

* Epist. 1. lib. 2.

leave

leave that to Nature, let me only suggest some things to you, which perhaps you might not have observ'd: Most of CATO's Speeches are fill'd with Indignation against CÆSAR, now QUINTILIAN remarks that Interrogations agree best with Indignation, and heighten the Sentiments. Of this you may see several beautiful Instances in the *Second* ACT, between DECIVS and CATO, I shall mention but one of 'em: DECIVS is there telling him how CÆSAR was Anxious for his Life, CATO replies,

Would he save CATO? Bid him spare his Country.

But the finest and most beautiful Instance of this Nature is where JUBA says in the *Fourth* ACT,

While CATO lives, CÆSAR will blush to see

Mankind enslav'd, and be asham'd of Empire.

And he returns,

CÆSAR asham'd! has he not seen PHARSALIA?

An Answer the fullest of Indignation that I ever read, the very mention of PHARSALIA is enough, without any other Exaggeration; for as the same Orator observes, there are some things (as Murder) which raise our Indignation by the very naming of them. But farther, this is not an Instance of a Single but a Complicated Beauty, for according to the above-cited Author, sometimes the same Words, meerly by altering the Pronunciation, not only *Indicate, Affirm, Interrogate,*

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Reproach, Deny, Admire, but are Marks of Contempt, *Disdain*, and *Diminution*. Consider these Words carefully, try them, you'll find the Truth of the *Observation*.

Give me leave only to mention one thing more, (tho I could never have done with this Subject) and I will then release you. It is upon a common Topic which all our Poets have occasion for some time or another, an *Impossibility*. What a Work do they make here? Sometimes *you might as well move OLYMPUS*; at others, *Stars must be grasp'd at*, and the more moderate are contented with making *Rivers flow backward to the Fountain Head*. But here observe the Judgment of the Poet in the First ACT, where SEMPRONIUS is telling PORTIUS what a Happiness he should enjoy, if CATO his Father would give him his Sister MARCIA; to which he replies,

Alas! SEMPRONIUS, wouldst thou talk of Love

To MARCIA, while her FATHER's Life's in Danger?

Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal

When she beholds the Holy Flame expiring.

You perceive that this is new, beautiful, and suited to the Circumstances with Judgment; and that nothing could be more agreeable to the Notions of a *Roman*, than such an *Impossibility*. Besides that the Glance at *Religion* improves and exalts the Idea to the highest Pitch.

You will wonder, perhaps, that this Subject of CATO's Death, so fit for a *Tragedy*, and so frequently applauded in the *Latin Poets* and *Historians*, has never been touched upon

on before. I find in a *Dialogue* attributed by some to TACITUS, by others to QUINTILIAN, that one CURIATIUS MATERNUS had compos'd a *Tragedy* upon this Subject; and it is probable, by the Hint which HORACE gives in his First Ode of the Second *Book* to POLLIO, that CATO had a considerable Part in his *Tragedy*, which he advis'd him to defer Publishing, till Matters were better compos'd, and forbear a Subject which could not but be ungrateful to many at that Time.

I think my self oblig'd to take Notice of one Thing more to you, least you should be lead into any Error to the Prejudice of this Admirable Performance, and that is, that you would not think it a *State* or *Party Play*. Nothing can be more ridiculous than to imagine that either the Design of the Author, or any Hints from the Subject, tend that way. CATO is drawn as he truly was; and as no body fate for the Picture but Him, so it is really like no body beside Him. He stands up for the Constitution of his Country, and the Course of its Laws; for Justice and Liberty, the old Roman Principles; and had He been represented otherwise, his Character had been ill drawn, and unlike the Idea all Men of Sense had fram'd of him. What does the Constitution of Rome relate to us? or how does his Opposition to CÆSAR affect our Government? But the false Notions of the Zealous will often make Vindications of the plainest things necessary, when indeed an Apology for their own Ignorance were more just and proper.

I shall conclude this long Letter, Sir, with a Copy of Verses to the Author of the *Tragedy*, which I hope you will not the less approve of, because you did not request them, as you did these *Observations*, from,

Your Humble Servant, &c.

Upon Mr. ADDISON'S CATO.



LONG had the *Tragic Muse* forgot to Weep,
By modern *Operas* quite lull'd a-sleep :
No Matter what the Lines, the Voice was
(clear,
Thus Sense was sacrific'd to please the Ear.
At last, † *One Wit* stood up in our Defence;
And dar'd (O Impudence!) to publish—— Sense.
Soon then as next the just *Tragedian* spoke,
The *Ladies* sigh'd again, the *Beaus* awoke.
Those Heads that us'd most indolent to move
To *Sing-song*, *Ballad*, and *Sonata* Love,
Began their buried Senses to explore,
And found they now had Passions as before :
The Power of *Nature* in their Bosoms felt,
In spite of Prejudice compell'd to melt.

Upon Mr. ADDISON'S CATO.

When CATO's firm, all Hope of Succour past,
Holding his stubborn Virtue to the last,
I view, with Joy and conscious Transport fir'd,
The Soul of Rome in One Great Man retir'd :
In Him, as if She by Confinement gain'd
Her Pow'rs and Energy are higher strain'd -
Than when in Crowds of Senators she reign'd !
CATO well scorn'd the Life that CÆSAR gave,
When Fear and Weakness only bid him save ;
But when a Virtue like his own revives
The Hero's Constancy—— with Joy he lives.

Observe the Justness of the Poet's Thoughts
Whose smallest Excellence is want of Faults :
Without affected Pomp and Noise he warms ;
Without the gaudy Dress of Beauty charms.
Love, the old Subject of the Buskin'd Muse,
Returns, but such as Roman Virgins use.
A Virtuous Love, chastis'd by purest Thought,
Not from the Fancy, but from Nature wrought.

Britons,

Upon Mr. ADDISON'S CATO.

When CATO'S firm, all Hopes of Success pass,
Britons, with lessen'd Wonder, now behold
Your former Wits, and all your Bards of old;
JOHNSON out-vy'd in his own Way confess;
And own that SHAKESPEAR's self now pleases less.
While PHÆBUS binds the Laurel on his Brow,
Rise up, ye *Muses*, and ye *Poets* bow:
Superiour Worth with Admiration greet
And place him nearest to his PHÆBUS Seat.



A

COMPARISON

BETWEEN

CATO and CÆSAR.

By Mr. STEELE.

 ALLUST has transmitted to us two very great, but very different Personages, CÆSAR and CATO, and placed them together in the most judicious manner for appearing to advantage, by the alternate Light and Shade of each other: CÆSAR's Bounty, Magnificence, Popular and Sumptuous Entertainments, stole an universal Affection; CATO's Parsimony, Integrity, austere and rigid Behaviour commanded as universal Reverence: None could do an ungentile thing before CÆSAR, none a loose one before CATO: To one 'twas Recommendation enough to be Miserable, to the other to be Good: To CÆSAR all Faults were pardonable, to CATO none: One gave, oblig'd, pity'd and succour'd indifferently; t'other blam'd, oppos'd and condemn'd impartially: CÆSAR was the Refuge of the Unhappy, CATO the Bane of the Wicked: CATO had rather be, than seem Good; CÆSAR was careless of either, but as it serv'd his Interests: CATO's Sword was the Sword of Justice, CÆSAR's that of Ambition: CÆSAR had an excellent common Sense and right Judgment of Occasion, Time and Place; the other blunt Man understood not Application, knew how to be in the right, but was generally so out of Season: CÆSAR's Manner made even his Vice charming, CATO's even his Virtue disagreeable: CÆSAR insinuated Ill, CATO intruded Good: CÆSAR in his Sayings, his Actions and his Writings, was
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the first and happiest of all Men : In his Discourse he had a constant Wit and right Reason ; in his Actions, Gallantry and Success ; in his Writings every thing that any Author can pretend to, and one which perhaps no Man else ever had ; he mentions himself with a good Grace. Thus it was very natural for CÆSAR, adorn'd with every Art, Master of every necessary Quality, either for Use or Ornament, with a steady and well-placed Industry to out-run CATO, and all like him, who had none and desir'd none, but (an ever weak Party) the Good for his Friends.

Now this sort of Men were CÆSAR and CATO, and by these Arts they arriv'd at that height, which has left one's Name proverbial for a Noble and Princely Nature, t'other's for an Unmov'd and Inexorable Honesty : Yet, without following 'em thro' all the handsome Incidents and Passages of Life, we may know 'em well enough in Miniature, by beholding 'em only in their manner of dying : For in those last Minutes, the Soul and Body both collect all their Force, either bravely to oppose the Enemy, or gracefully receive the Conqueror, Death.

CÆSAR, by a long Tract of Successes, was now become apparent Master of his Country, but with a Security that's natural to gallant Men, Heroically forgave the most inveterate of his Opposers. Now was he follow'd with Applause, Renown and Acclamation : His Valour had subdu'd the Bodies, his Clemency the Minds of his Enemies : And how blest'd must the Earth be under his Command, who seems to court Dominion for no other End, but to indulge an insatiable Mind in the glorious Pleasures of bestowing and forgiving ? This was the Figure CÆSAR bore in the World's Opinion, but not in CATO's. He was there a Tyrant in spite of the Gloss of Success and of Fortune, which could not create Appearances bright enough to dazzle his Eyes from seeing the Traitor in the Conqueror : He knew to give a Man his own as a Bounty was but a more impudent Robbery, and a Wrong improv'd by the Slavery of an Obligation : He justly and generously disdain'd that his Fellow-Citizen should pretend to be his Lord ; to his honest Mind a Pardon was but a more arrogant Insult, nor could he bear the Apprehension of seeing his Equal inflict upon him a *tyrannical Forgiveness* : What then must this unhappy good Man do ? Whither shall oppress'd Virtue fly from Slavery ? From Slavery ? No. He is still Free Lord of himself, and Master of his Passions ; CÆSAR is the Captive ; he is Shackl'd, he is Chain'd, and the numerous Troops which he boasts the Companions

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panions of his Triumphs, and his Glories, are but so many Witnesses of his Shame and Confusion, to whom he has by an open Usurpation manifested his broken Faith, false Profession, and prostituted Honour. But how far this Impression of intrinsick Glory and Happiness in sincere though distress'd Virtue, and the Sense of a wicked Man's abject, though prosperous Condition (which CATO's Philosophy gave him) did avail in his afflicted Hours; the Resolution he is going to take will demonstrate.

He had now at *Utica* fresh and shocking Intelligence of the gathering Adherents to his Enemy, and could read in his own Company, the mere Followers of Fortune, in their Countenance, but observ'd it with a negligent and undaunted Air, concern'd only for the Fate of others, whose weak Pity of themselves made 'em the Objects of his Compassion also. It was visible by a thousand little officious things he did, he was resolv'd to leave this bad World: For he spent the Day, which he design'd should be his last, in a certain Vanity of Goodness: He Consulted, Persuaded, and Dispatch'd all he thought necessary for the Safety of those that were about him; which Services they receiv'd from him, whose Intent they saw, with Tears, and Shame, and Admiration.

He continued the whole Evening this affected Enjoyment of his Friend's Anxiety for him, which he rais'd by set Discourses, and abated, or rather confirm'd by a studied Indifference, till he went to Bed, where he read PLATO's *Immortality, and Guessees at a future Life*: At last he enquir'd for his Sword, on purpose mislaid by his Son; they did not immediately bring it, which he seem'd to take no notice of, but again fell to his Book: After his second Lecture, he again wanted his Sword: Their Hesitation in letting him have it, threw him into an unseemly Rage, and Expostulation with his Friends, whose obliging Sorrow with-held it: What has he done, what has he committed, to be betray'd into the hands of his Enemy? Had CATO's Wisdom so far left him, that he must be disarm'd, like a Slave and a Madman? What had his Son seen so indiscreet in his Father, that he was not to be trusted with himself? To all this cruel and intemperate Question he was answer'd with the humblest Behaviour, tenderest Beseeching, and deepest Esteem: They implor'd his Stay amongst 'em as their Genius, their Guardian, and Benefactor; Among the rest, a fond Slave was putting in his Resistance, and his Affliction, for which he dash'd the poor Fellow's Teeth out with his Fist, and forc'd out of the Room his lamenting Friends,

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Friends, with Noise, and Taunt, and Tumult; a little while after had his Hand, with which he struck his Servant, dress'd, lay down, and was heard to snore; but sure we may charitably enough believe, from all this unquiet Carriage, that the Sleep was dissembled, from which as soon as he awak'd, he Stabb'd himself, and fell on the Floor: His Fall alarm'd his wretched Dependants, whose Help he resisted by tearing open his own Bowels, and rushing out of Life with Fury, Rage, and Indignation.

This was the applauded Exit of that Noble Roman, who is said with a superior and invincible Constancy to have eluded the Partiality of Fortune, and escap'd the Incurſion upon the Liberty of his Country: It seems then, had he liv'd, his own had been lost, and his calling himself still free, and CÆSAR the Usurper, a Bond-man and Slave, were but mere Words; for his Opinion of things was in reality stunn'd by Success, and he dy'd disappointed of the imaginary Self-Existence his own Set of Thoughts had promis'd him, by an Action below the Precepts of his Philosophy, and the Constancy of his Life.

Thus did Cato leave the World, for which indeed he was very unfit, in the Hands of the most skilful Man in it, who at his Entrance on its Empire excell'd his past glorious Life, by using with so much Temper and Moderation, what he had purchas'd with so much Bloodshed and Violence: But we must leave at present this busy and *Incessant* Mind to the Meditation of Levelling inaccessible Mountains, checking the Course of the Ocean, and correcting the Periods of Time: We must leave him employ'd in modelling the Universe (now his own) in the secure Enjoyment of a Life hitherto led in illustrious Hazards, and now every way safe, but where 'tis its Beauty to lie open, to the Treachery of his Friends.

F I N I S.